

TRI-WEEKLY KENTUCKY YEOMAN.

VOL. 4.]

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

[NO. 75]

TRI-WEEKLY KENTUCKY YEOMAN,
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THE WEEKLY YEOMAN is printed on a single
medium sheet, fine paper, and with good types, at Two
DOLLARS per year in advance.

JOHN W. STEPHENS,
Plain and Fancy Painter
Paper Hanger, &c.,
FRANKFORT, KY.,

All orders sent at Lucken & Chapman's Book and
Stationery Store, will be promptly attended to.

March 17, 1853.

200 BOTTLES dried apples;
100 bushels dried peeled peaches;
100 bushels dried peeled peaches;
5 bushels dried dried peaches, stones in;
1 bushel dried Damsons for pies, for sale by
Oct. 15. E. L. SAMUEL.

New Cabinet Wareroom and
Manufactory.

JOHN D. RAKE

RECEIVED information his
respectable friends that he is located in
the new station on W. Street
nearly opposite the residence of Dr.
MacMurray, where he is engaged to
see his old customers, and the
new, and to do a general work. Con-
nected with this shop he has opened a
Furniture Wareroom, and intends
to keep a good stock of Furniture
on hand, to which he respectfully in-
vites the attention of all wishing to
purchase.

COFFINS.
Made to order at all times—made
day—promptly. He has a few
BEARSE, with which he will at-
tend calls, at any time night or day

Aug. 29, 1853—51

Henderson & King's
PATENT HANDLOOM,
FRANKFORT, KY.,

AUGUST 11, 1853.

WE, the undersigned, have seen and ex-
amined the Patent Hand Loom, in operation in the Kentucky Peni-
tentiary, and think it superior to anything of the
kind we have ever seen, and would call public
attention to it, believing by doing so, that we
shall benefit all who examine it.

L. W. POWELL,
THOS. S. PACE,
J. R. WATSON,

Having purchased the right to make and sell it
the use of Franklin and Scott counties, the above
Loom (calculated extensively for family use,) I
most respectfully invite the public generally to
call and examine the Machine we have now in
operation at the prison, where it can be seen
at any time.

N. CRAIG,
Agent and Keeper Kentucky Penitentiary,

August 12, 1853—40.

CIGARS! CIGARS!

25,000 HEPAT Cigars, at wholesale prices,
50,000 Kentucky common Cigars, just received
and for sale by

E. L. SAMUEL.

CARRIAGES!

W. W. HARRIS, Manufacturer,

At the NEW BUILDING,
Opposite C. G. Graham's Stable,

A. K. now recovering a large and select assortment
of EASTERN CARRIAGES,

entirely various styles and sizes, suitable for this
market, to which are added recently built the latest
of those described in our last issue.

The market embraces Rockways, for one and two
persons, Buggies, Binges, Ship Seats, Single Seats
and Four & Six, of various patterns, light and heavy.

Ways of carriage manufacture, and second hand
ware, now in stock.

REPAIRS! and all sorts promptly executed, at
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Democratic Rally.

The Democrats of Louisville held a large and enthusiastic meeting, a few nights since, at which strong resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted, approving the course of President Pierce, and the principles of the Nebraska bill. By another equally strong resolution, the new secret order called "Know Nothings," was denounced as dangerous in its tendencies, and anti-democratic in its principles. The meeting then adjourned.

We are glad to see that the democrats of our own noble Kentucky, applaud the patriotic course pursued by our President, and we are confident that when the time comes, they will endorse at the ballot-box, what they now express in words. And we are also glad to see that the desire of uniting still closer our forces in this state, animates the wrath of those friends. We express the hearts of our democratic brethren. Meetings should be called throughout the State, that we may effect, if possible, a still more complete organization, and also that we send it out to the world, that Kentucky democrats, are ready and willing to award to President Pierce the commendation of "well done good and faithful servant." What act of this present administration is there, that any democrat can not cheerfully and conscientiously endorse? Our party, south of Mason and Dixon's line, can point with pride to the bold, patriotic, and constitutional stand he has taken in behalf of Southern institutions and in defense of southern rights. The Union men of all parties can feel that their glorious heritage is safe from the sanguineous touch of the dismembering fanatic, as long as he is at the head of government, while conscientious whigs are compelled to admit his profanity and sagacity as a Statesman.

We should keep up our organization as a party to ensure us the same success in the future, which has hitherto attended our efforts to gain political ascendancy. Look at the present condition of the Whig party! Broken up, divided, and merged into petty factions, and Know-Nothingism.

As a party, we have nothing to apprehend from them, if we exercise only ordinary care. They vainly expect to resuscitate by effecting the fusion now going on between the Whigs and Abolitionists, and by connecting themselves with the Native American party. But it is all of no avail, for their doom is written as plainly in the political sky, as were the mysterious words that appeared upon the wall to announce to the impious Belshazzard, his coming downfall. There is no fusion that they can effect, no coalition of detached fragments of disbanded parties, that will ever place them in the position they once occupied. What, then, is easier for Democrats to do, than to retain the political ascendancy they have now? But as weak, and distracted as the Whig party is at this time, it must not be expected that we can always retain our proud present position, unless we keep up our party organization. If we lay on our arms, after achieving the splendid victory of November '58, and delude ourselves with the hope that success will continue to crown our efforts, whether we work or not, we will be grievously mistaken. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and if we would continue to remain free from the evils of whig dominion, if we would protect our national treasure from the plundering hands of Galpins and others of the same ilk, and if we would defend our national flag from disgrace at home, and insuks abroad, we must continue to keep up our party organization, and present the same bold, unbroke front which has so often repulsed our opponents. But we have no fear that our party will ever forget its duty to the country. It needed only one blast from McGregor's pibroch to summon the clansmen from their mountain fastnesses to the standard of their chief, and we feel that it is only necessary for the notes of war to be sounded, to rally the Democrats in all their strength around that banner, under whose folds they have so often marched to victory. Their principles are the same they have ever been battling to perpetuate, and they are as plainly discernible now—removed from all contaminating isms—upon the broad face of our party flag, as they were when Jefferson nailed them to the mast head of the ship of state. Then Democrats, be on the alert to defend your principles as you have in days gone by, be as ready now to repel the approach of noisy agitators, and dangerous politicians, as you were in '52, and we have no fear that the victory which has so often attended our efforts will desert us now.

Appellate Judge.
CRITTENDEN COUNTY.
H. J. Stites, - - - - - 563
J. H. McHenry, - - - - - 295
Stites majority, 263
Added to his majorities in all other counties which is 5115, makes his majority in the district 5263.

PROVISIONS! PROVISIONS!—What the town dwellers will do for something to eat, if the high price for provisions still keeps us we cannot tell. Poor people can scarcely subsist with flour selling at \$9.50 per bushel, meal at \$1.35 to \$1.50 per bushel, chickens \$2.75 per dozen, and other articles in proportion. It will take all of a hard working man's earnings to support himself and family, however economical he may live. What is to be done? Cannot our farmer friends assist us, when they hear the mournful appeal going up from our devoted city, as it once did from Macedonia "come over and help us." It is wrong and absolutely a crime, for speculators to take advantage of the necessities of the poorer class of our population, by monopolizing all of the provision that comes into market, and raising the price to almost double. We hope this state of affairs will not continue much longer.

Parlor Visitor for September is before us. It has reached the third number of its second volume, increasing in usefulness and interest every number since its commencement. Those who may wish to subscribe will find the present a very suitable time, as they can now easily get the first three numbers of this volume, but if they delay longer, they might not be able to get them. We must not omit here to call attention to its being invariably in advance of nearly every other magazine in the country. Its punctuality can not but be admired by every one who has ever subscribed to a periodical of that kind? The Parlor Visitor is published in Nashville, Tenn., by Wm. P. Jones, at the low price of \$1 per year.

NECESSARY PRECAUTION.—On a late ascention of an ironical, a gentleman requested to be allowed to company him in the arid regions. "Are you good tempered?" asked the aeronaut. "I believe so," said the other; "but why do you ask the question?" "For fear we might get lost on the way."

REMARKABLE DUMBNESS.—The editor of the Paris Flag with a degree of quirkiness, we did not expect from him, asks an explanation of our silence in regard to the assault made upon him recently in Lexington. He says we were present, and saw the whole of it, but in our next issue said nothing of it. It is true, that we were present and saw the difficulty, and it is equally true that we said nothing of it in our paper. Our reasons were simply these. The difficulty was one purely personal between Col. Pike and Mr. Flournoy, and originated in the publication of an article upon a subject, which the people were tired of having agitated, and all further reference to which, we had determined to exclude from our columns. Again, we did not, nor do we now consider that professional sympathy, requires one editor to fill his paper with abuse of personal and political friends, when another editor renders himself liable to publish abominable articles, to go inside to put the bridle on. Turkey has let down her bar, and reaching a hand through the hole of the tail, and implores France and England to go in and take him by the head, but they manifest a decided disinclination to take hold of the biting end.

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:

Judge—What's your native language?

Witness—I po no native!

Judge—What's your mother-tongue?

Witness—It's fader sas spon u tongue.

Judge—In an irritable tone. What language did you first learn? What language did you speak at the cradle?

Witness—I tis not speak no language in do cradle at all; I only cried in Dutch.

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

MARRIAGE AND MURDER.—We learn from passengers on the train from Columbus last evening that a number of a most atrocious character had been committed about eleven miles east of Xulon, and a short distance from Jamestown. The circumstances, as we learn them, are as follows:

A farmer's son, named Joseph S. Baird, was at home with another young farmer, named Robinson, because the former, on Sunday evening last, had married a young woman to whom he was also engaged. As Baird with his bride, was riding in his buggy toward Xenia, Robinson was observed to rush out of a thicket, and taking hold of the girl's head, commanded Baird to halt, at the same time presenting a pistol. Mrs. Baird screamed and sprang from the buggy, and, falling, was shot dead by Robinson. The young wife then drew the pistol out of Robinson's hands, and attempted to shoot him. Two balls were fired to no effect, when Robinson jumped into the buggy, drove off and effected his escape. The noise of the murder soon spread throughout the neighborhood, and several of the inhabitants started immediately in search of the murderer, who is well known.

TELEGRAPH FOR THE YEOMAN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.

The North Star arrived this morning. She left Aspinwall on the 17th with 400 passengers, but no specie on freight.

Capt. Hallins of the Cyane was arrested yesterday at the instance of Calon Darnaud for the destruction of his property at Greytown. The damages are laid alone hundred and forty thousand dollars. He gave twenty thousand bail.

The Washington Star intimates that the United States will recall its ambassador to Dillon, the French consul at San Francisco as a punishment for filibustering projects.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 22.

The Steamer Charles Morgan has arrived. She brings late news from Texas.

Among the passengers were Robert J. Walker and T. Butler King.

The Walker contract for the Pacific railroad has been signed and sealed.

Gen. Smith had called for six companies of mounted troops against two Indians. The Governor will probably respond.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.

Allen & Gifford's lumber yard and two storehouses, in Brooklyn, owned by N. L. & G. Gifford, containing house, sugar, and molasses, were burnt this morning. Loss from \$20,000 to \$25,000—mostly insured.

Richard Sacks, alias Adolph Hoffman, was arrested last night, charged with committing forgery upon the Prussian Government, and obtaining \$12,000 thereby. He arrived here in the Baltic. Most of the money was received by a Herman Mingle.

The silk goods of Alfred Edwards & Co., suspended yesterday. Their liabilities are said to be over \$500,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23.

There was a fireman's fight last night at Spring Garden between the Good Will House Company and the member of the Independent engine. Pistolets were fired, and a man named Peter Johnson was killed. The ball passed through the head. Alexander Culbertson was very severely wounded.

BOSTON, Aug. 23.

Accounts from the San Jacinto are exaggerated. The engineer-in-chief states that there is no occasion to remove the machinery. She will be able to proceed in a few days.

There were two burglaries instead of one, as stated; fell in No. 23 Broad street, occupied by W. K. Lewis & Bro., and 55, by Hauseman, Haze, & Co. Those known to be killed are Wm. Dowling, clerk of Hauseman, Haze, & Co., aged 20; David Riley, aged 21; and Margaret Riley, aged 10. Two other were killed while on the sidewalk. A young woman is stated to be in the ruins, but her body has not yet been found. The loss is estimated at \$120,000.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 23.

There was a fire at Richmond Monday night, which destroyed two tobacco factories belonging to Gentry & Hatcher and J. W. Atkinson. Loss \$50,000. The wall of one of the buildings fell and one of the grooms was killed and two seriously injured.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.

J. C. Young's harness factory and twelve adjoining buildings on Railroad Avenue, from East Green to Elm street, were destroyed by fire this morning. Loss \$50,000.

A letter from the San Antonio says that the Indians have organized a large expedition against Mexico.

Texas has gone almost entirely for the Mahaw. The crops are progressing finely.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.

REMARKABLE DUMBNESS.—The editor of the Paris Flag with a degree of quirkiness, we did not expect from him, asks an explanation of our silence in regard to the assault made upon him recently in Lexington. He says we were present, and saw the whole of it, but in our next issue said nothing of it. It is true, that we were present and saw the difficulty, and it is equally true that we said nothing of it in our paper. Our reasons were simply these. The difficulty was one purely personal between Col.

PIERSON upon a desk, box, or barrel, to await the call of subscribers—in the midst of boots, hats, breeches, horse collars, and other coarse wares which may be called for during the day by customers. County postmasters, in most cases, being engaged in some mercantile business, many newspapers find their way into some obscure corner, where they are hid from human eyes, as completely as if buried in a mountain cave.

The building was occupied by Hanneman & Hazen, & Co., druggists, and W. K. Lewis & Bro., dealers in preserved meats.

Fortunately, warning was given to escape, which all except one did. He is buried in the rear wall alone standing.

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THE WRETCHED FAMILY.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Writhed and ragged, dirty and poor,
A man sneaks slyly to the rum-seller's door;
Bloated and livid with r'd meum eyes,
An object that all people shun and despise,
Abjectly trembling, he begs for a dram,
When the half-shattered landlord denies with a
damn.

Writhing with anguish, he turns to depart,
With a curse on his lips—and despair in his
heart.

Wasted and weary, and hungry and poor,
A woman creeps slyly to a grocery door;
Languid and pained, her eyes dim with tears,
Wretched and friendless, the tember appears,
Now she implored with voice sadly sweet,
Treat me for something, my children can eat,
Nor says the grocer—you never will pay,
And the heart-broken woman turns to sing
away.

Ragged and famished, barefooted and poor,
A little boy goes to a rick neighbor's door;
Please man—a—the blushing an faltering plead,
Lend my poor mother a half loaf of bread,
Lend! cries the woman. Why don't you say
give?

'Tis a pity such poor, worthless wretches should
live.
The children beg bread, and the father begs
rum,

It is not my duty. A way with you home.

Home went the hungry child, weeping and slow,
Wond'ring why Providence orders things so,
Th' he, with his little heart gushing with love,
Who a-keadinary bread of his Father above,
Mast be a poor out-east, despised and forlorn,
Hated and taunted and treated with scorn;
He lifts his small hand, with a dissolve 'My
Father in heaven? On, let Charley die.'

If one comes the Woman with faltering feel
All notting to give the poor babies to eat;
Round her they cling, with a wail of despair,
And she in her darkness, finds no place for pray
er.

Why am I tho? Is her agonized cry,
While women no better, no worder than I,
Squander their gold in luxuriant ease,
Go! are their children unto precious than these;

Home come the man, mad with anger and
frown.

The fire of the rum—fever searching his brain,
Home—which to his guilty spirit hell,
Where famine and sorrow in hideousness dwelt,
He glared on his tremblers, with tiger-like eyes,
Crying! forever! God d—n you! he cries,
Here will the picture too painful in view,
O it is dreadful—st—dreadful, true.

[Pion the Spirit of the Poem.]

Ducting—Contests on the Field.
We perceive the circumstances attending the
field in Charleston, S. C., between La Graw and
Donovan, are widely and deservedly quoted, as
exhibiting remarkable determination and coolness.

The second was about giving the word, when
Donovan discovered a little clump of grass near
him, and by which he supposed, La Graw could
lure him; but very deliberately drew his knife
from his pocket and cut down the grass; after
which the second gave the word. 'Gentlemen,
are you ready?' At this moment La Graw in-
formed Mr. Donovan he was not holding his
pistol proper, to which Donovan replied coolly,
'Does that out you, Mr. La Graw?' The sec-
ond gave the word again, 'Gentlemen are you
ready?' to which both responded in the affirmative.

La Graw fired instantly after the count one,
and missed, when Donovan shot his antagonist
down, killing him instantly.

In the M^{er} Star House, a tale of Southern life,
there is a description of a duel, which is evi-
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display of the high-stakes.

The reader must understand that Mildmay,
from his quiet habits, rest'd under the impul-
sion that he would not fight, and furthermore,
his intent was to 'draw his fire,' and then
shoot him down. When the parties arrived on
the field, the description goes on as follows:

'Colonel Lee, I desire some information.'

'Gentlemen, are you ready?' was usually answered.

'Thee, gentleman,' said Colonel Lee, with a
loud voice, 'upon my repeating again the ques-
tion, 'Are you ready?' you are to answer, 'Yes.'
I shall then say, Fire, one—two—three.'

At this instant, Mildmay, who was standing
with his rifle in the hollow of his left arm, to
the assonance of all present, dropped the
butt upon the ground, and said—

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'What is it, sir?' said Col. Lee, impatiently,
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'I do not know,' said Col. Lee, 'said Mild-
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General Blodsoe, whose confidence in Mild-
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a thrill of admiration could now with difficulty
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Batt Moreton and Mildmay now seemed con-
scious that the instant of action had arrived for
they simultaneously and courteously raised
their weapons, as if 'presenting arms.' Col.
Lee again, in a solemn voice asked—

'Gentlemen are you ready?'
The combatants then simultaneously answer-
ed:—

'We are!'

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The wimeral fire hardly escaped the lips of
Lee, before the crashing sound of Mildmay's
rifle echoed far and wide, and Moreton, with his
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words—'My wife—my child!—an' then,
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Mildmay, still standing in his place, gazed and
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form of the once splendid Mr. Moreton; and
then, handing his weapon to the General, who
could scarce conceal his exultation at the result,
he mechanically moved towards his horse.

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base is in the clouds, must be rather of an airy
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thunderbolt is belied, we don't envy him his
heart, however much we may his majesty; but
we suppose, like his imperial imitators upon
earth, hearts never could be truant the games
which he or they play. But to our narrative,
which we have gleaned the facts which comprise it.
An individual, whose name we will not at the
present time name, waded and won the heart of
a young girl named Martha Corry, who resided
on Catherine street, near John. With the confid-
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Is there no home for this home of leprosy?
No hand to bind up the hearts bleeding there?
No one to say to that woman of grief,
God has not forgotten—her sends you relief?
No one to say to those children—look up,
And thank your Creator with gladness and hope!

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**One comes the Woman with faltering feel
All notting to give the poor babies to eat;**
Round her they cling, with a wail of despair,
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